



PRIVATE BEACH
NO LANDING!

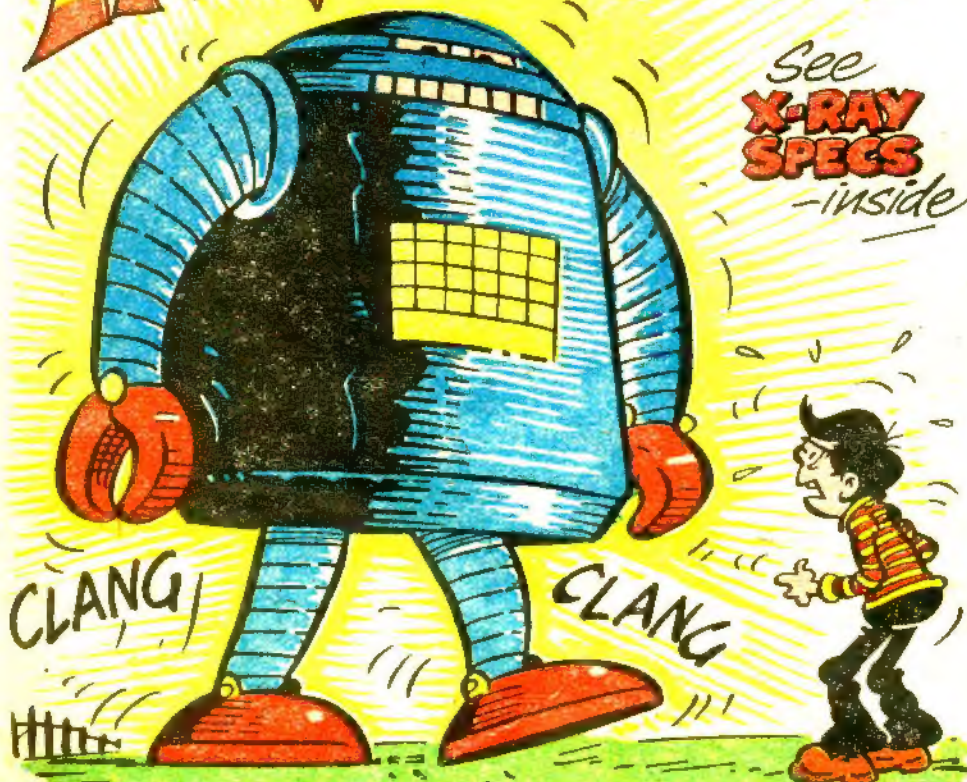


EVERY MONDAY
29th AUGUST, 1981

14p

The SPACE INVADER?

See
**X-RAY
SPECS**
-inside



Buster's Diary

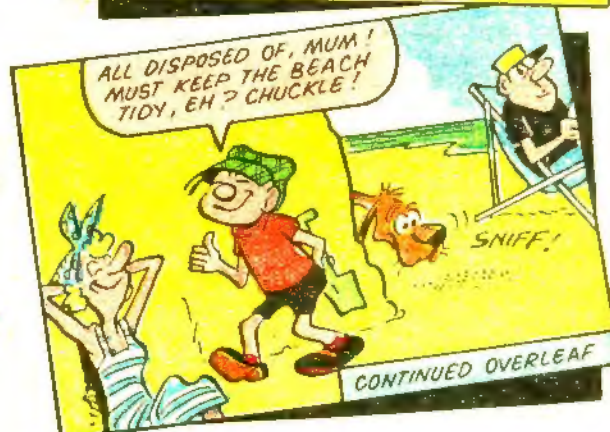
Mum told me to put our lunch left-overs in a litter-bin...



So I dug a hole in the sand and buried our left-overs.

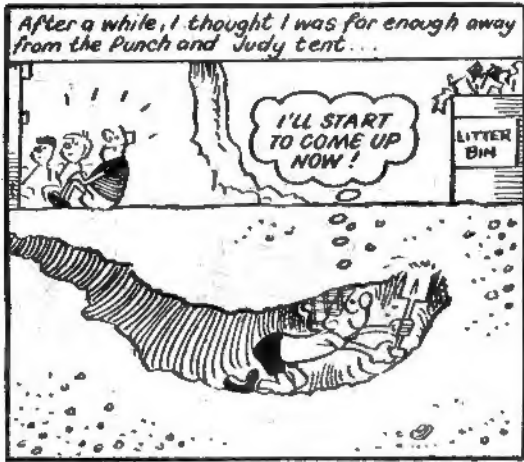
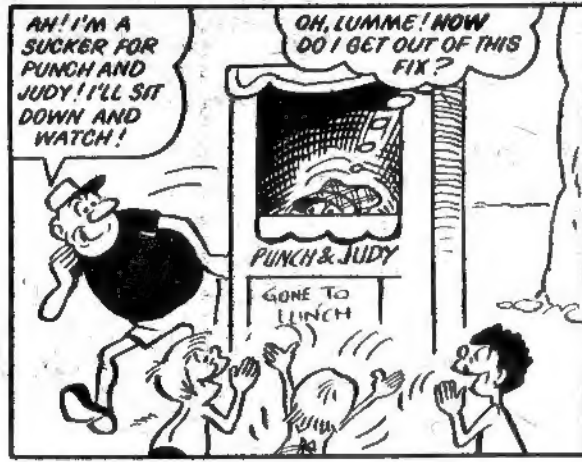
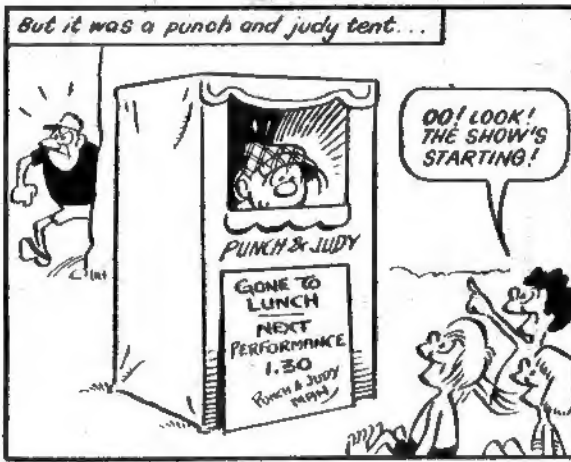


ALL DISPOSED OF, MUM! MUST KEEP THE BEACH TIDY, EH? CHUCKLE!

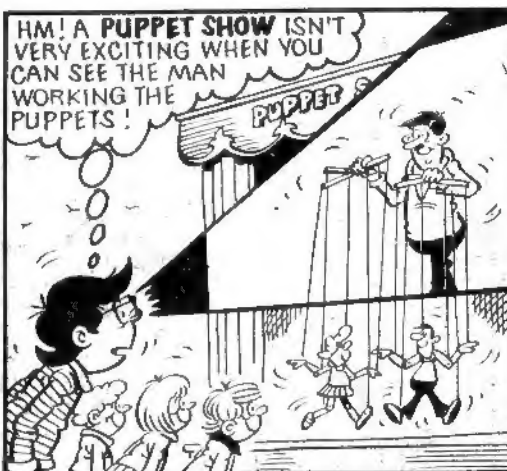


CONTINUED OVERLEAF

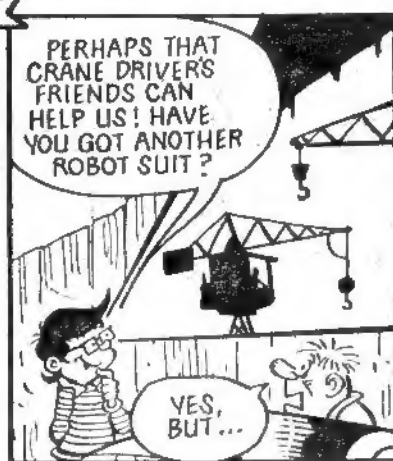
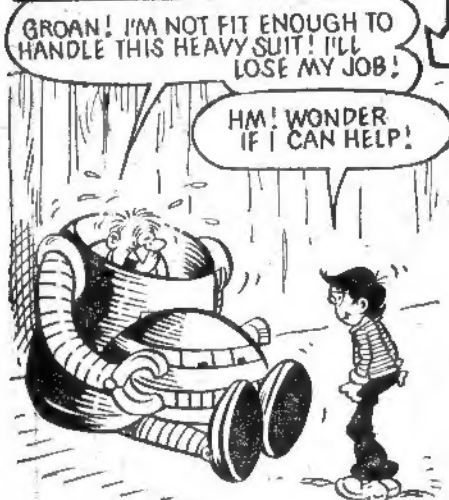
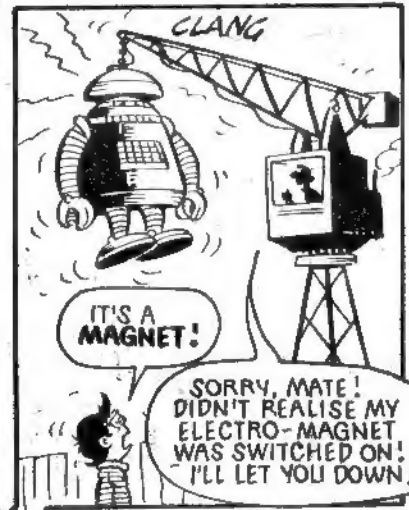
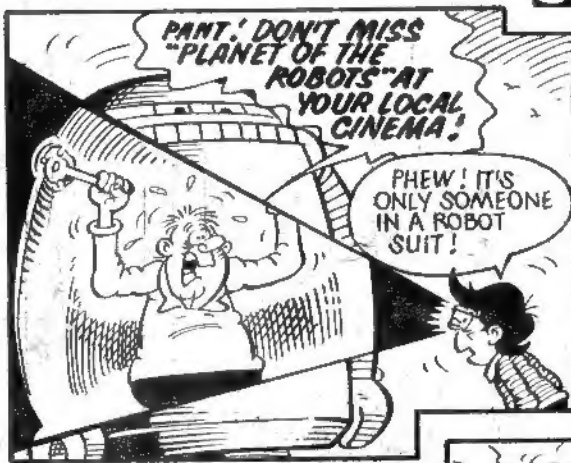
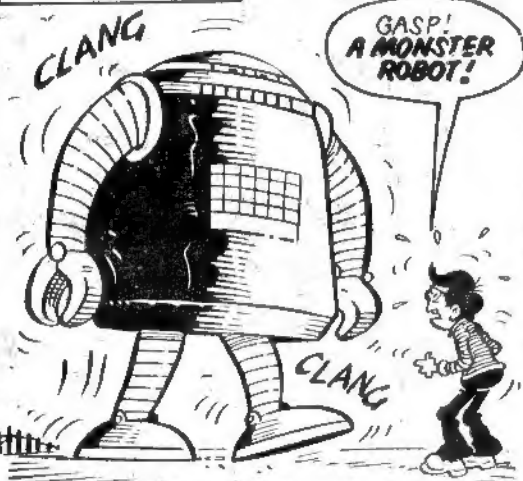
But a dog unearthed our old food left-overs...



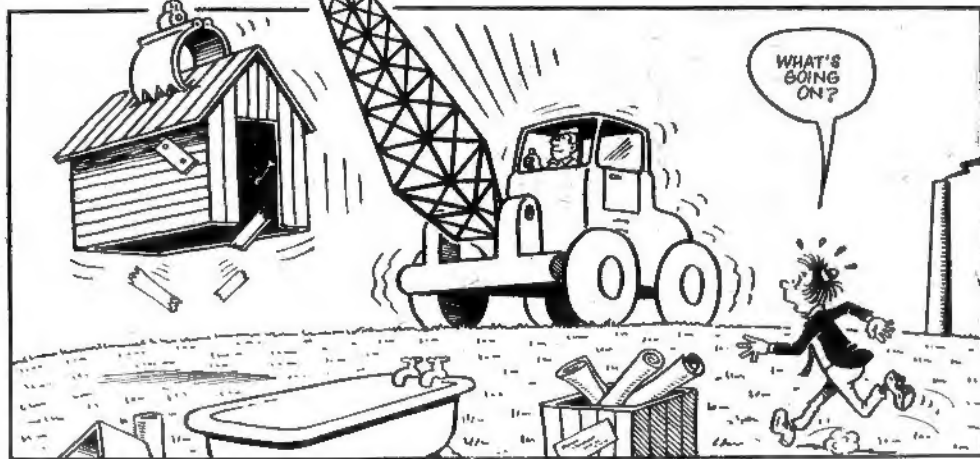
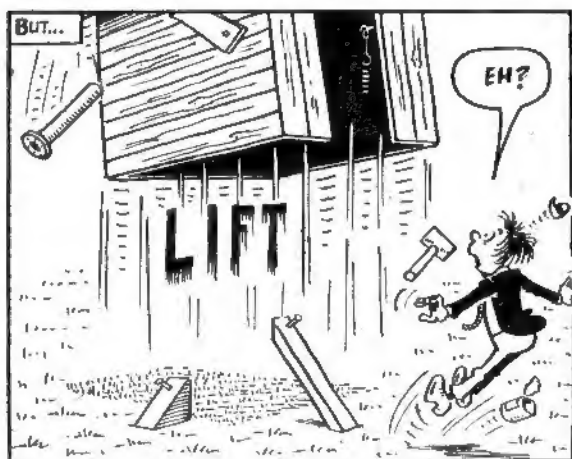
X-RAY SPECS

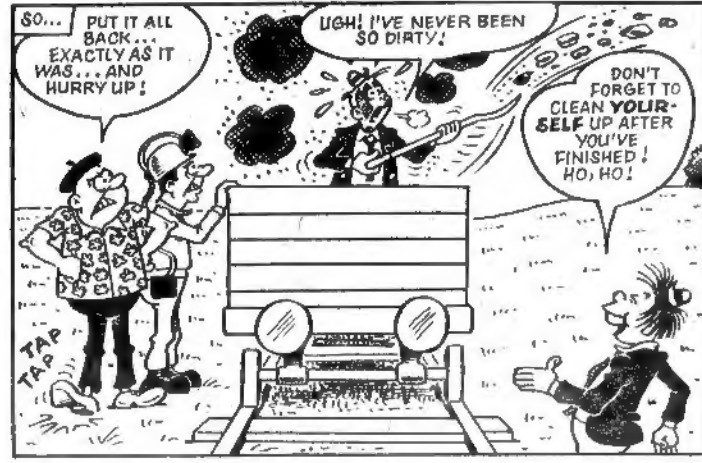
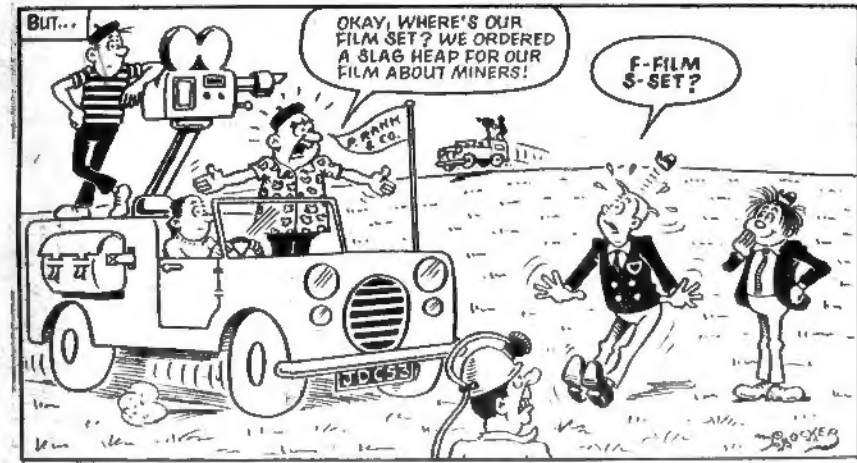
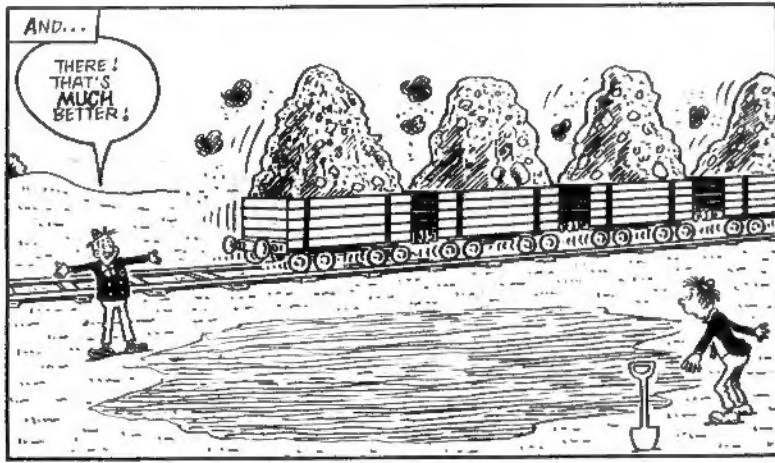
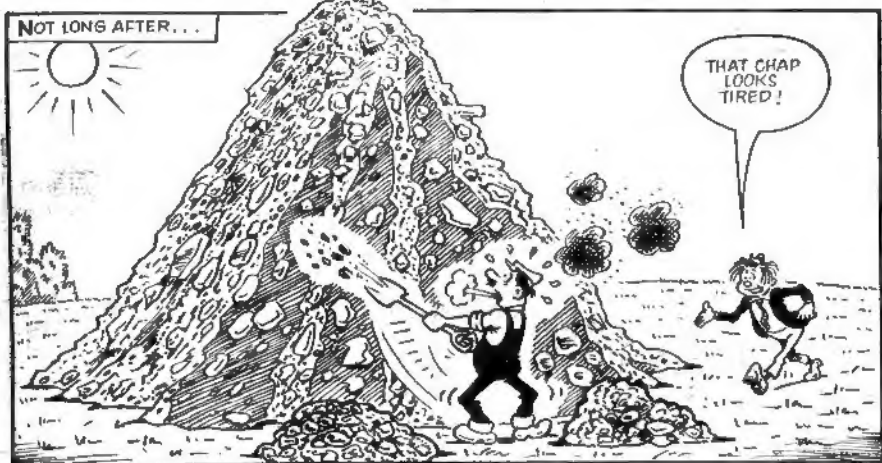
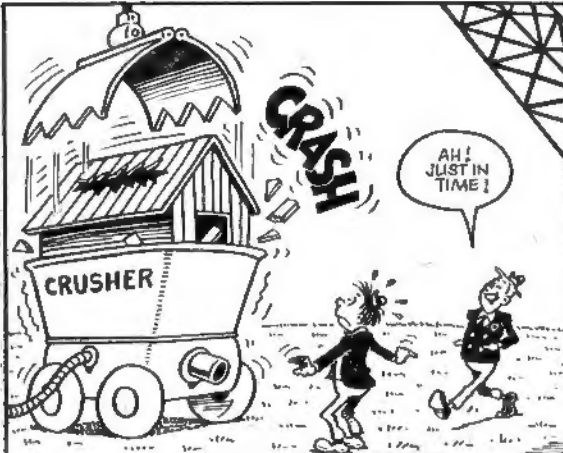


RAY STROLLED ON, AND SUDDENLY...

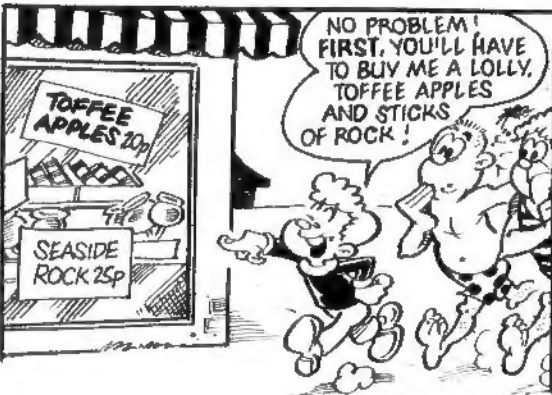
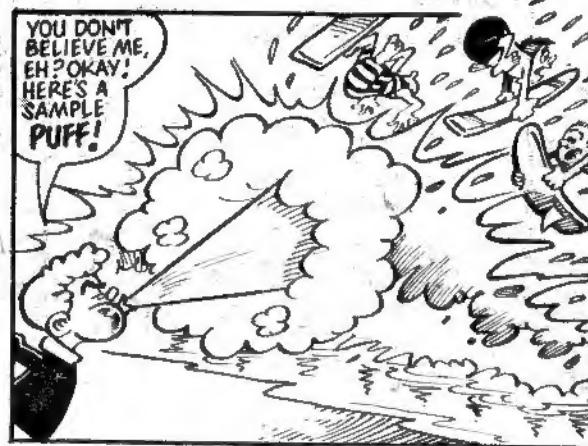
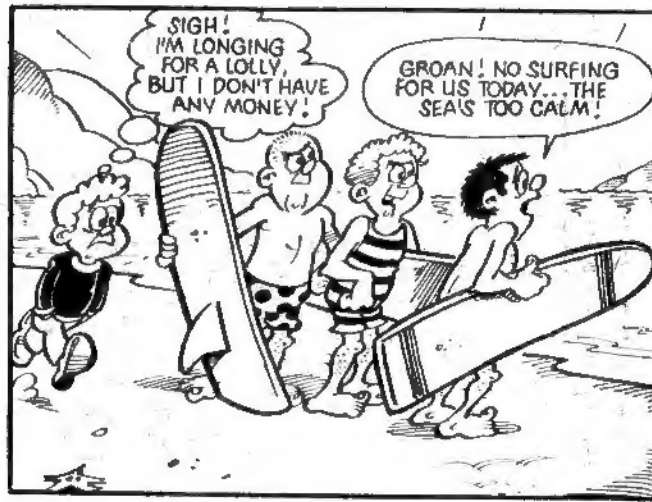


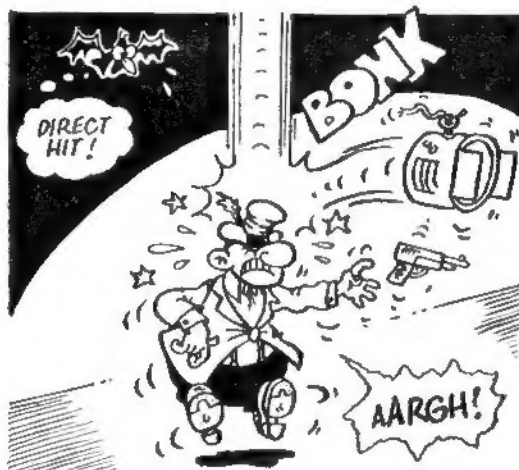
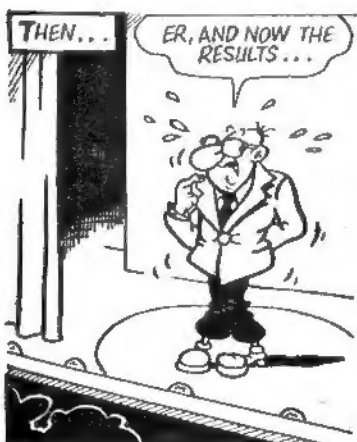
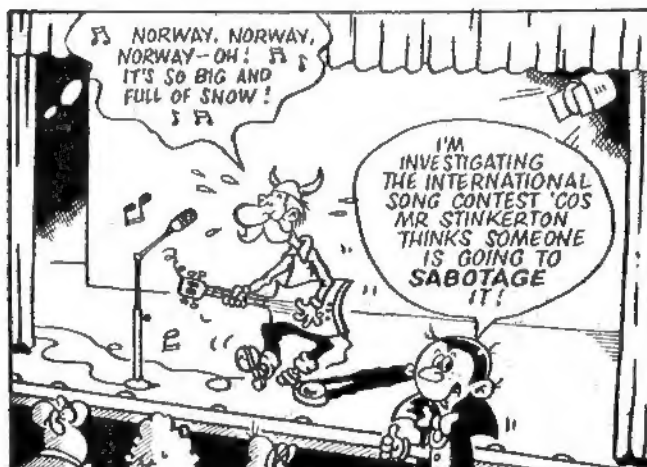
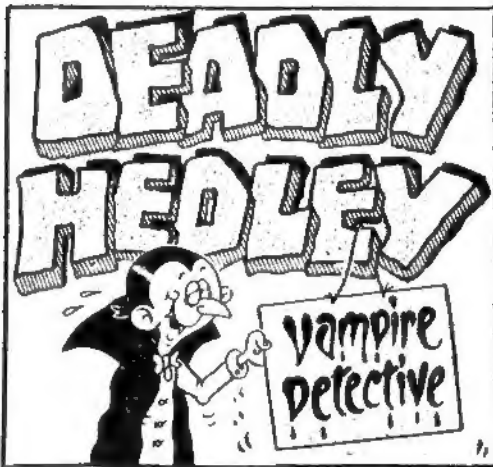
IVOR LOTT and TONY BROKE





BILLY BLOW





The Leopard from LIME ST.

BILLY FARMER, THE BOY WITH THE SPEED AND STRENGTH OF A FULLY-GROWN LEOPARD, WAS TRYING TO RAISE THE MONEY FOR A NEW SCHOOL MINIBUS, SO HE WOULDN'T HAVE TO PLAY IN AN IMPORTANT, SCHOOL CRICKET MATCH. IN FRAMTON MARKET PLACE, BILLY ROUTED AN AMAZING CROOK CALLED **THE ROLLER-MONSTER**, WHO WAS ATTACKING TOWNS IN BILLY'S AREA...

SURRENDER, LEOPARDMAN!

BUT HE HIMSELF WAS TRAPPED IN A FLOWER-STALL BY ANGRY TOWNSFOLK WHO THOUGHT HE WAS IN LEAGUE WITH THE MONSTER CROOK...

CRUIKEY, THERE MUST BE **HUNDREDS** OF PEOPLE OUT THERE! HOW CAN I GET OUT OF THIS WITHOUT **HURTING** SOMEBODY?

MOMENTS LATER, AFTER BILLY HAD FILED AS MANY FLOWER-POTS AS HE COULD ONTO A TRESTLE-TABLE...

TIME'S UP, LEOPARD-MAN!

LET'S GO! THERE SHOULD BE ENOUGH OF US TO OVERWHELM HIM!

AND **THERE** THEY GO!

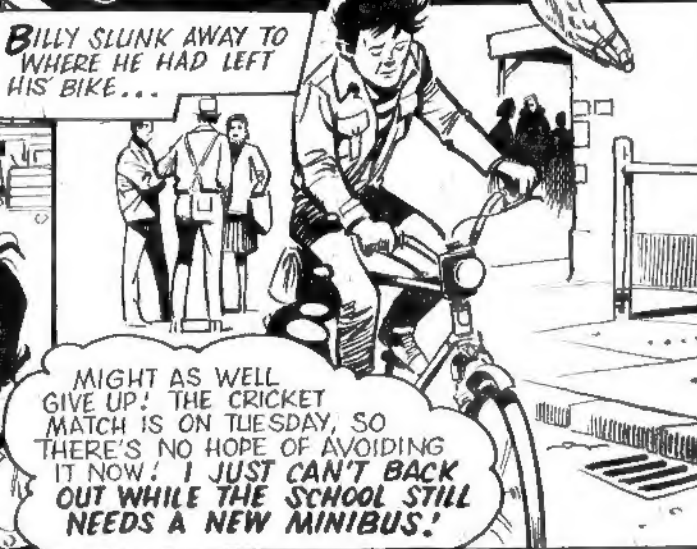
UNLESS... UNLESS I CAN **FRIGHTEN** THEM AWAY...

HERE THEY COME...

PHHOOM

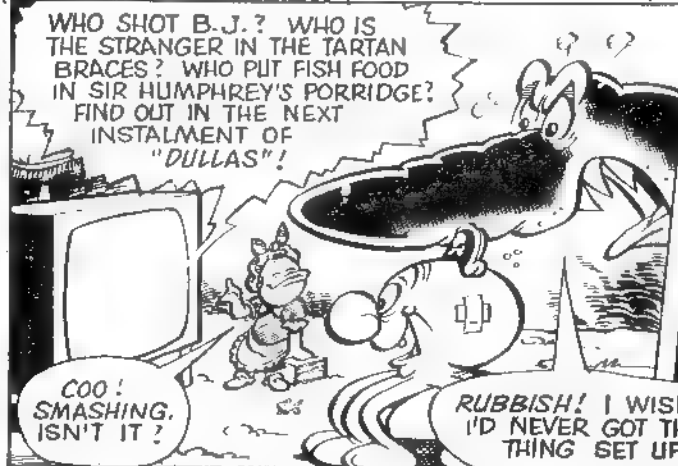
POT PLANTS





Has Billy really got no hope of avoiding the match? Find out next week!

GUMS

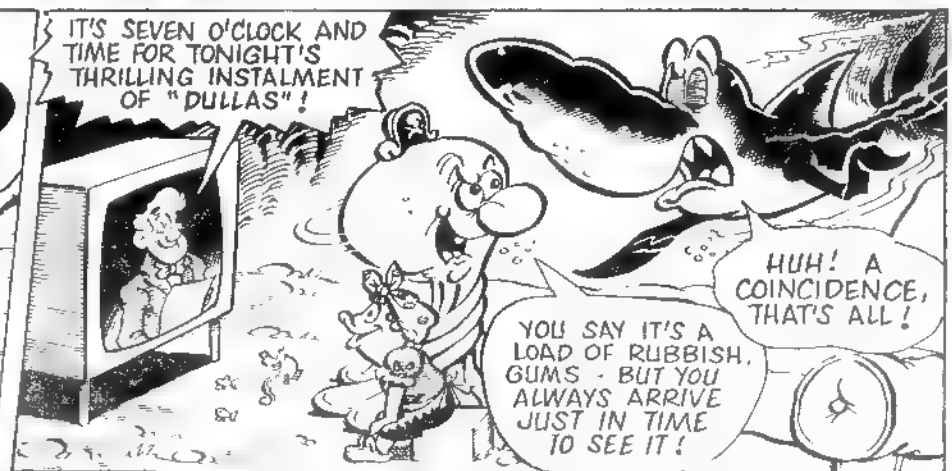
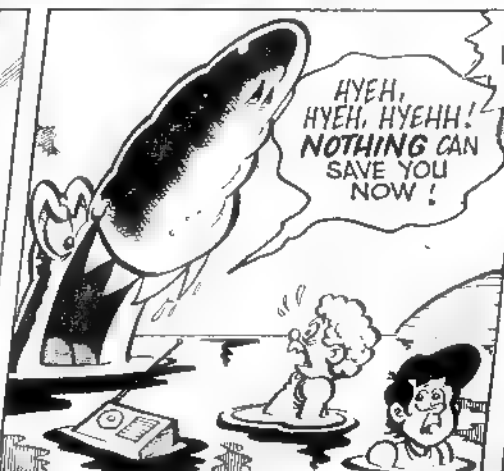


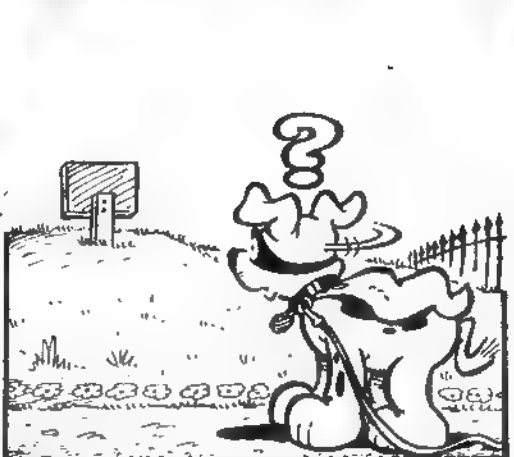
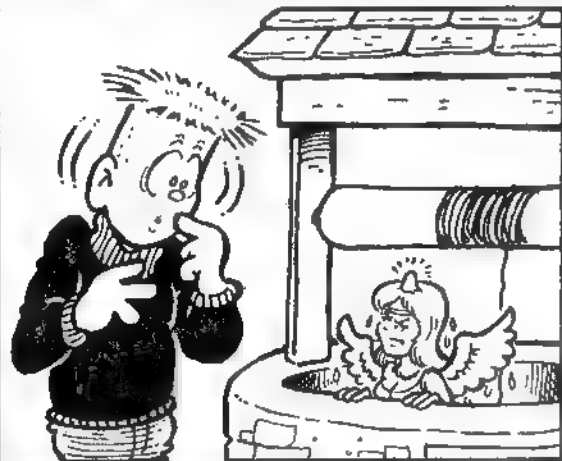
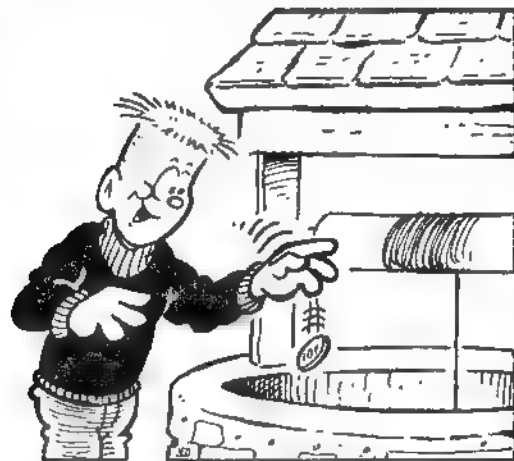
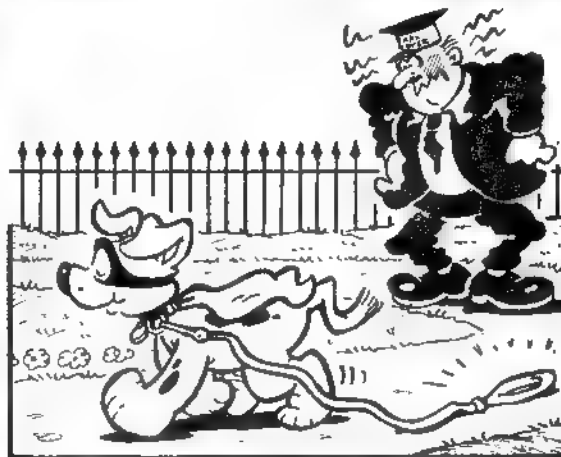
WHO SHOT B.J.? WHO IS THE STRANGER IN THE TARTAN BRACES? WHO PUT FISH FOOD IN SIR HUMPHREY'S PORRIDGE? FIND OUT IN THE NEXT INSTALMENT OF "DULLAS"!

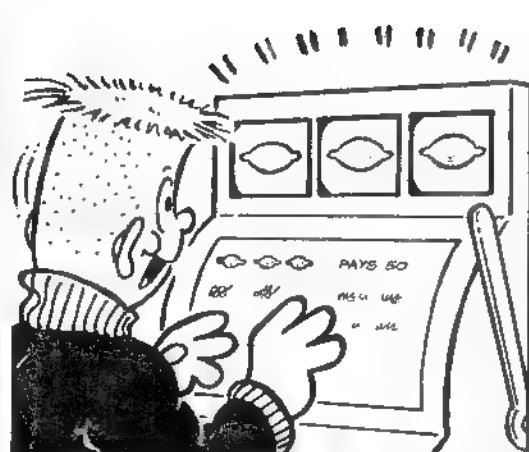
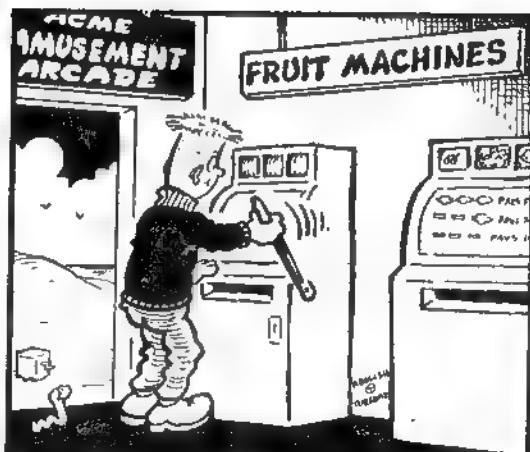
THE ONLY QUESTION I'M INTERESTED IN IS 'WHEN WILL I GET MY FALSE TEETH AROUND BLUEY?

COO! SMASHING. ISN'T IT?

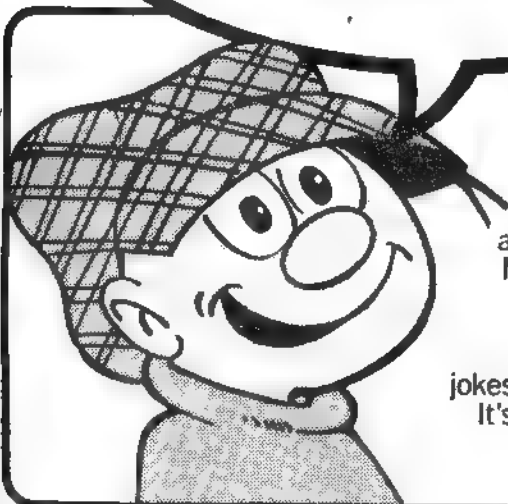
RUBBISH! I WISH I'D NEVER GOT THAT THING SET UP!







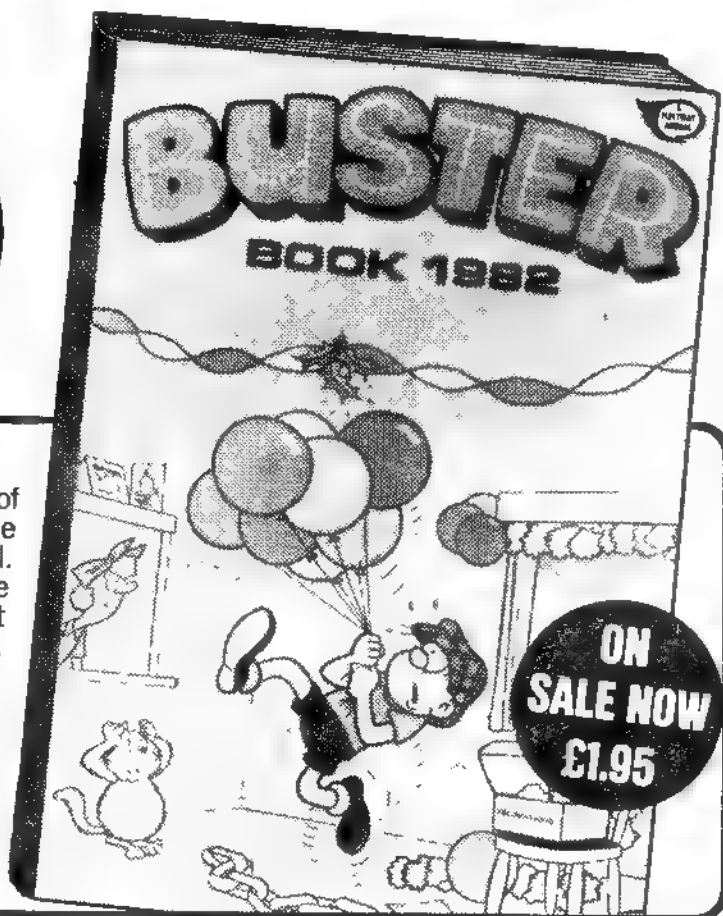
**Everyone
can enjoy the
fun in...**

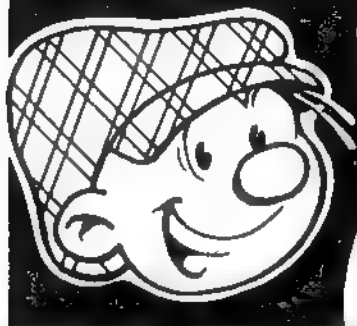


Yes, pals, there's stacks of laughs in store for you in the great new Buster Annual.

A fantastic time guaranteed with Ivor Lott and Tony Broke... Faceache... Mummy's Boy... X-Ray Specs ...and your other weekly chuckle chums.

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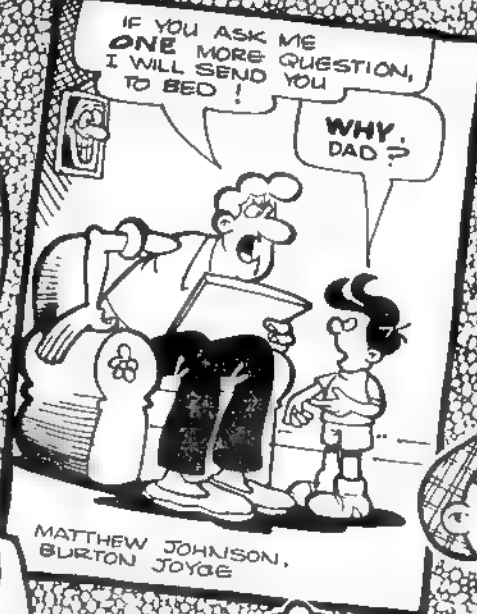




BUSTER'S BONUS JOKE-BOX



DAVID PHELPS,
SUTTON GOLDFIELD



MATTHEW JOHNSON,
BURTON JOYCE



SAUL HAINES,
BRISTOL



DAVID WOODS,
GRMSBY

THEN HE'S
STUCK
WITH IT!



KID KONG
BENT SOME
BARS...!

...HE SATON
MY
CHOCOLATE!



IAN HUNT,
HELLESDON



MISS D.J. FRITH,
OLDHAM



COLIN MORTON,
NORTHFIELD



MATTHEW WORMLEY,
WIGSTON

£1 for the sender of each joke published plus a super BUSTER T-SHIRT

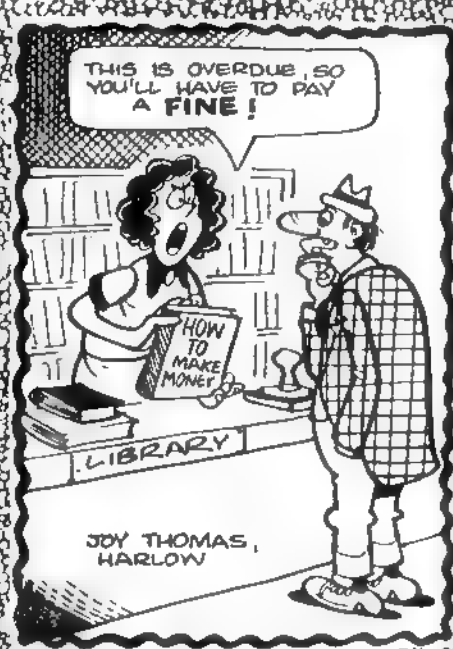
Write your joke clearly on a postcard with your full name and address, then fill in the coupon on the right and paste it on to the postcard. Post to: Buster's Joke-Box, Room 2010, King's Reach Tower, Stamford St., London, SE1 9LS. Readers whose jokes are published will each receive £1 plus a BUSTER T-shirt. When similar jokes are received, the first one to be judged will win the prize. This offer is open to readers in the U.K. and the Channel Islands only.



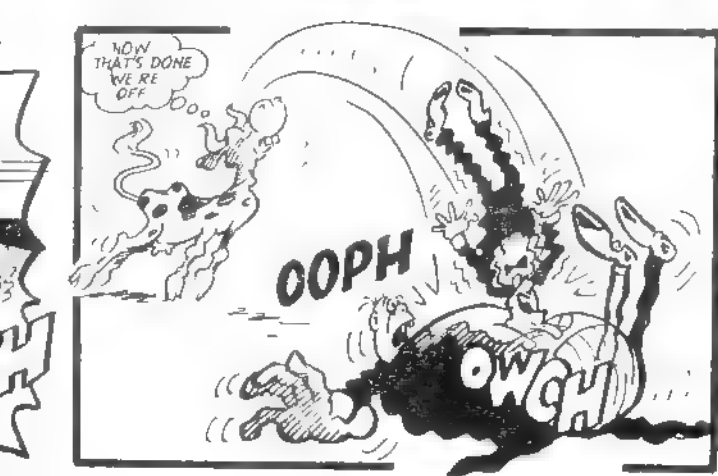
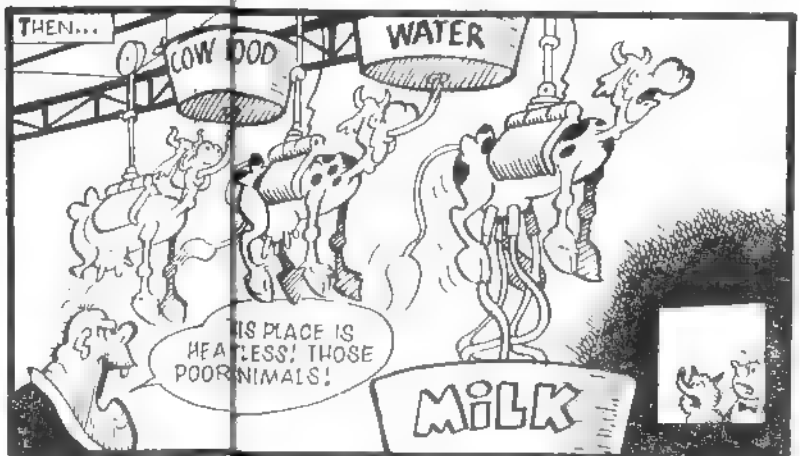
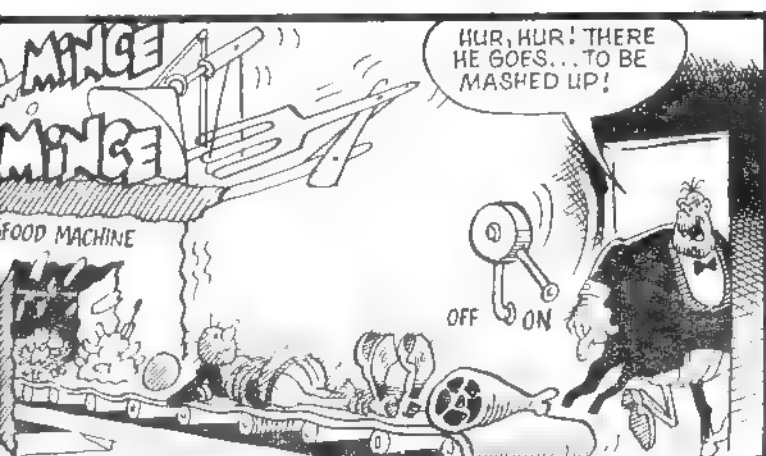
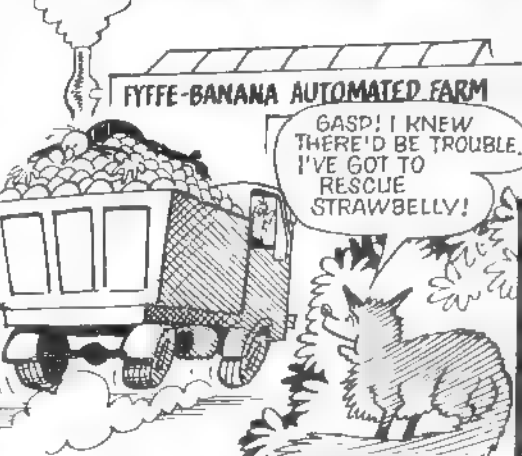
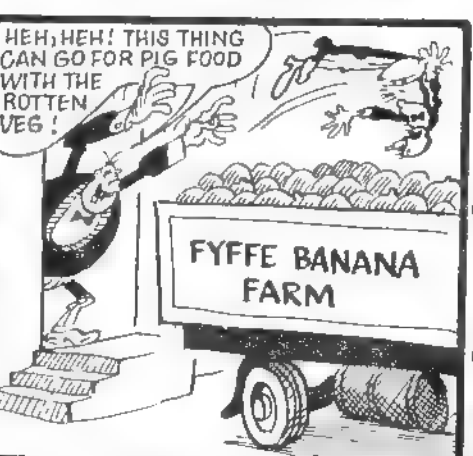
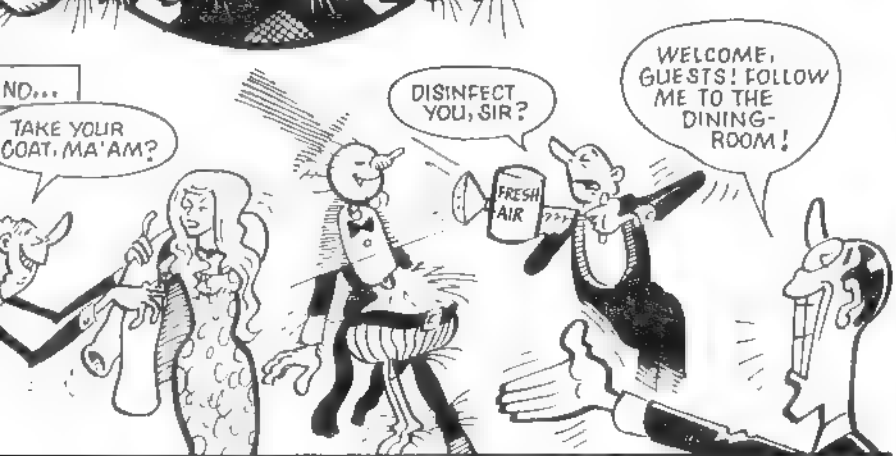
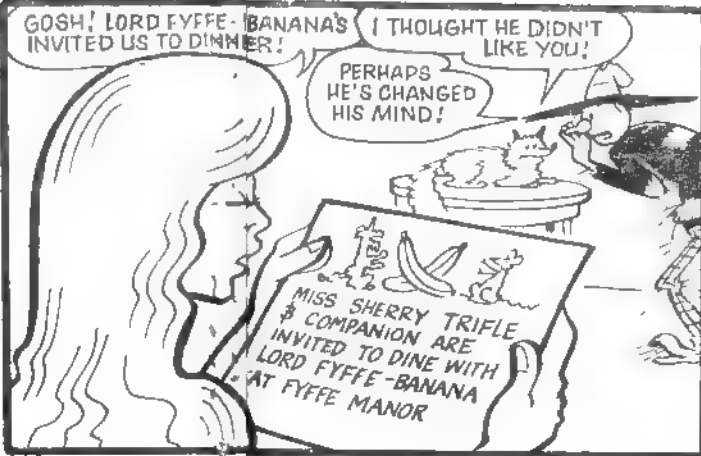
MY THREE FAVOURITE STORIES IN BUSTER ARE.

1
2
3

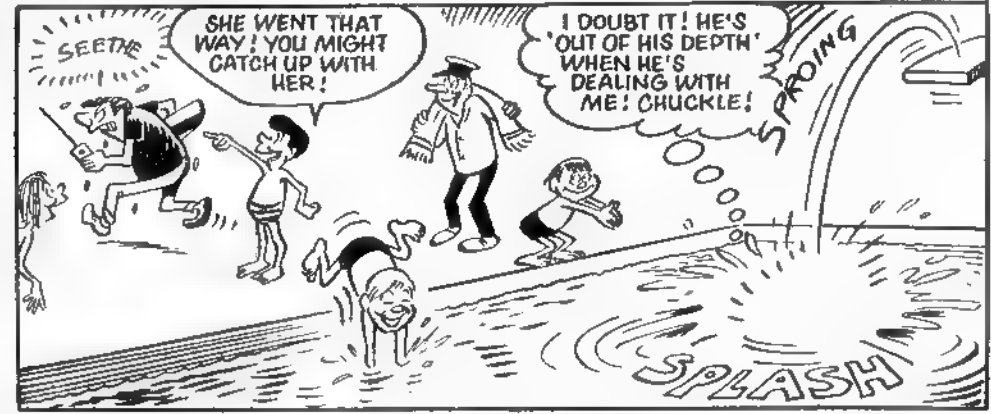
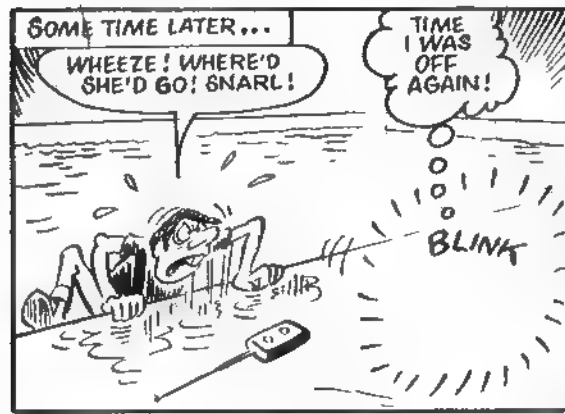
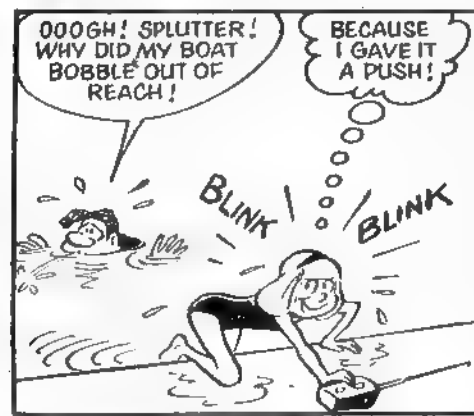
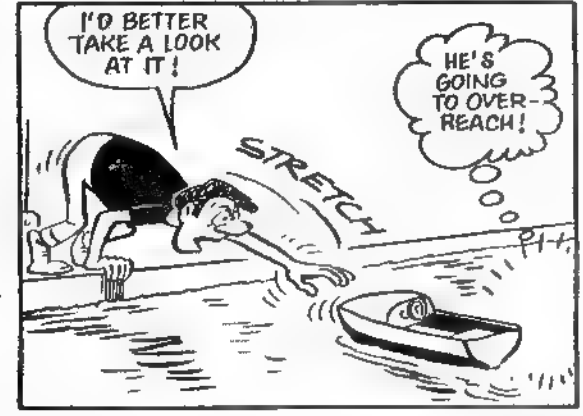
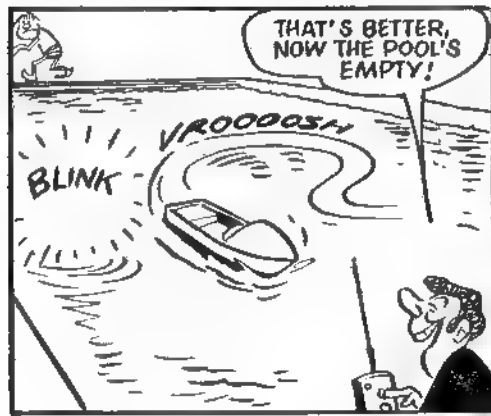
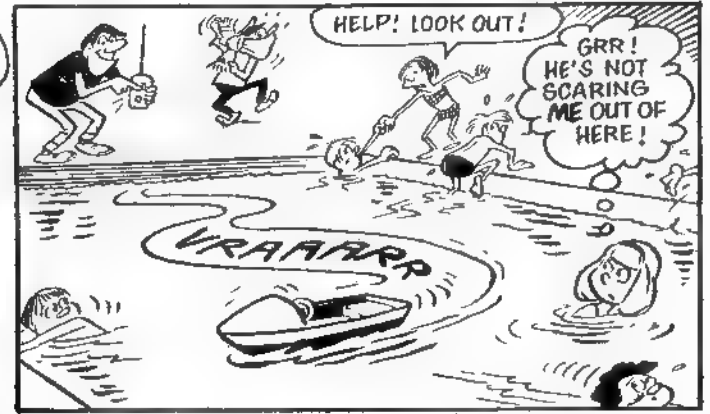
The feature I like least in BUSTER is

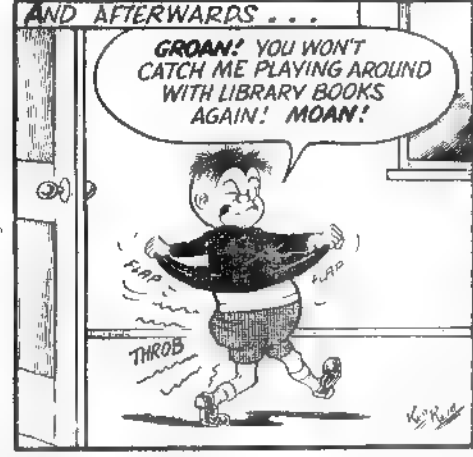
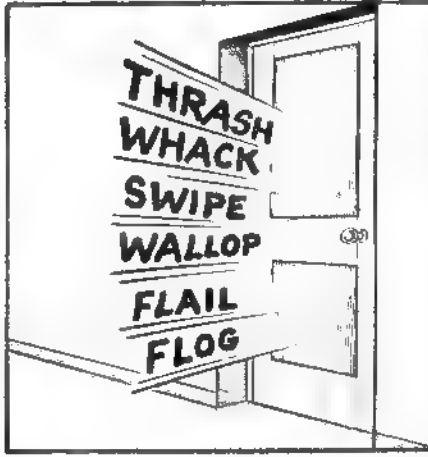
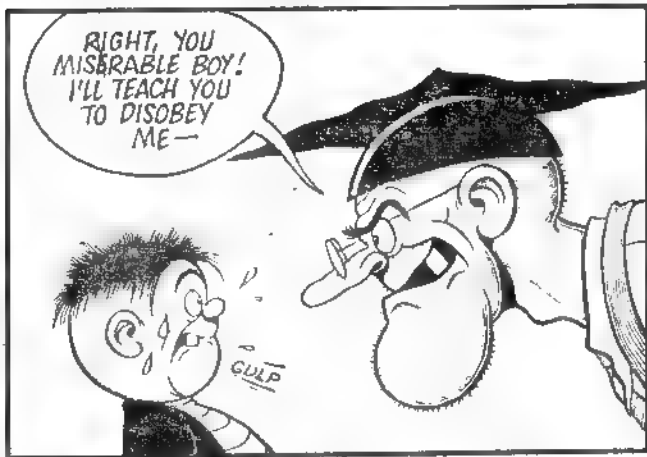
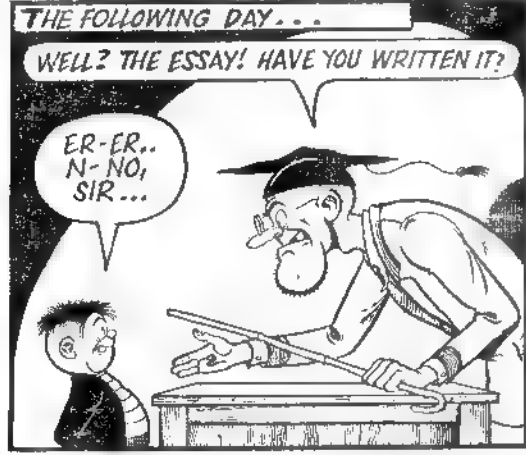
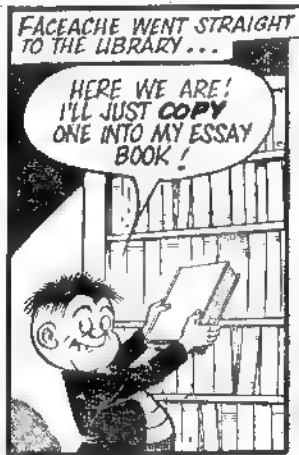
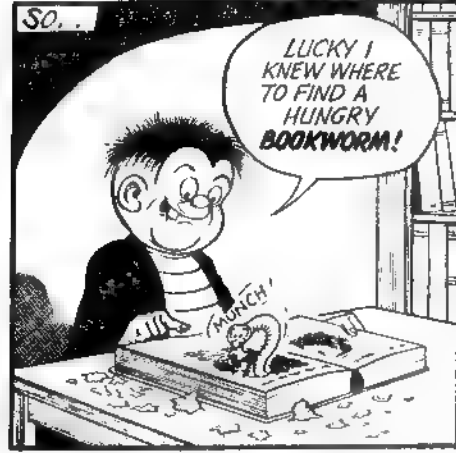
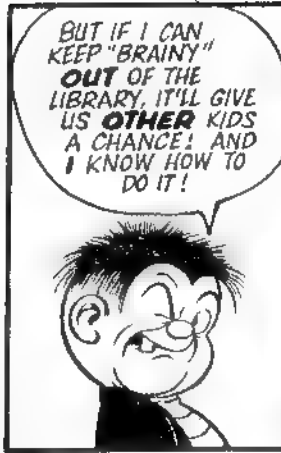


STRAWBELLY

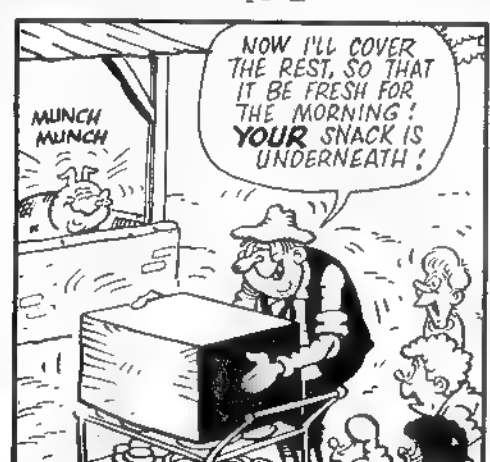
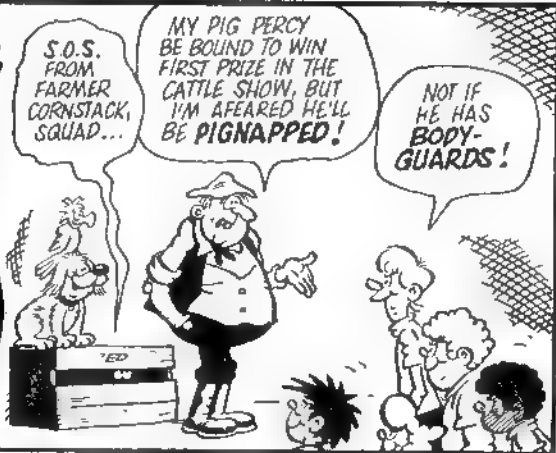


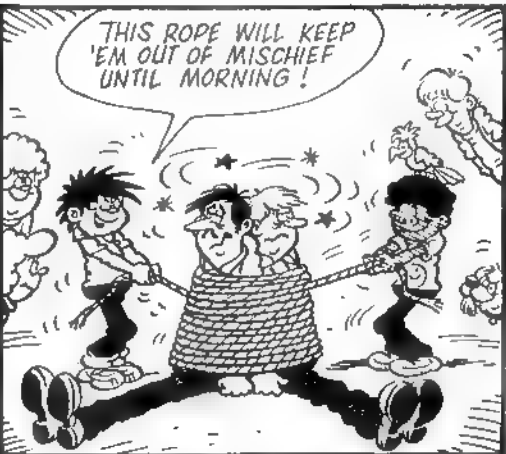
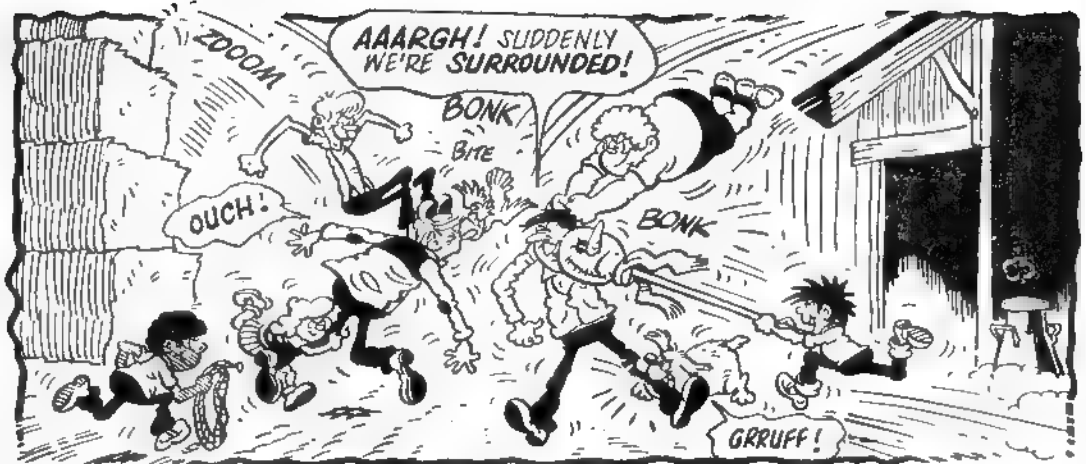
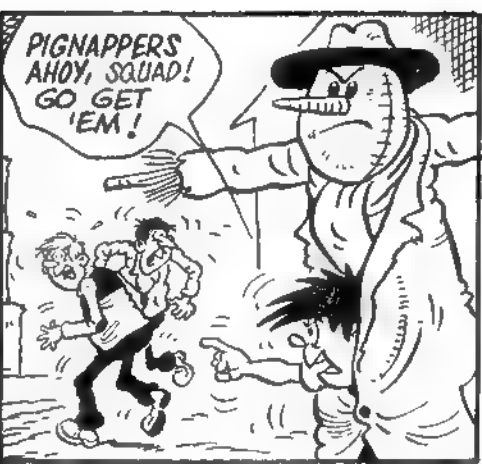
Disappearing **TRIX**





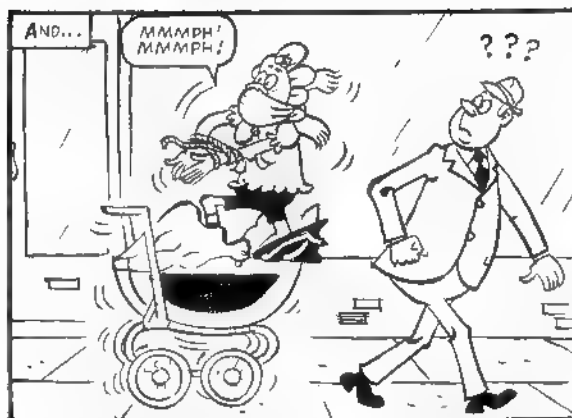
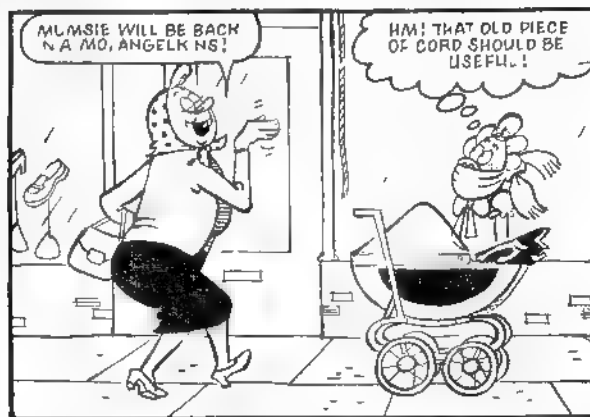
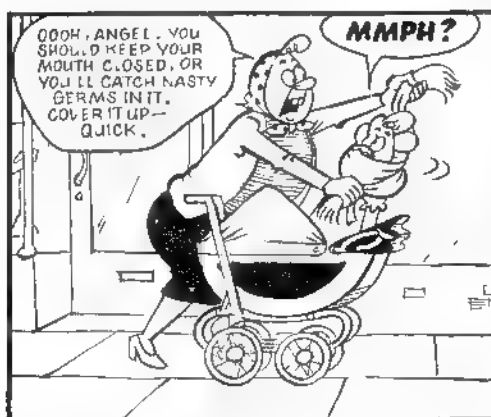
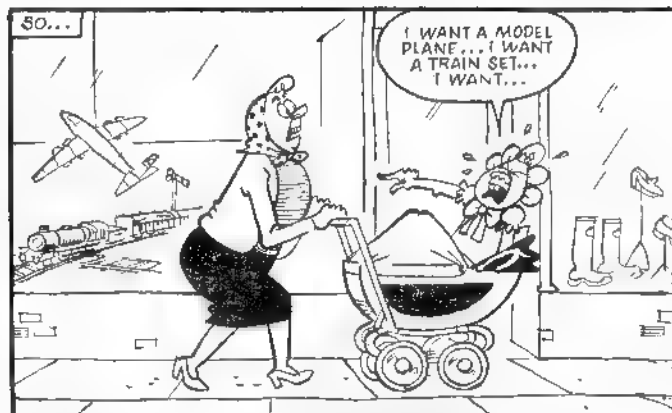
S.O.S. SQUAD





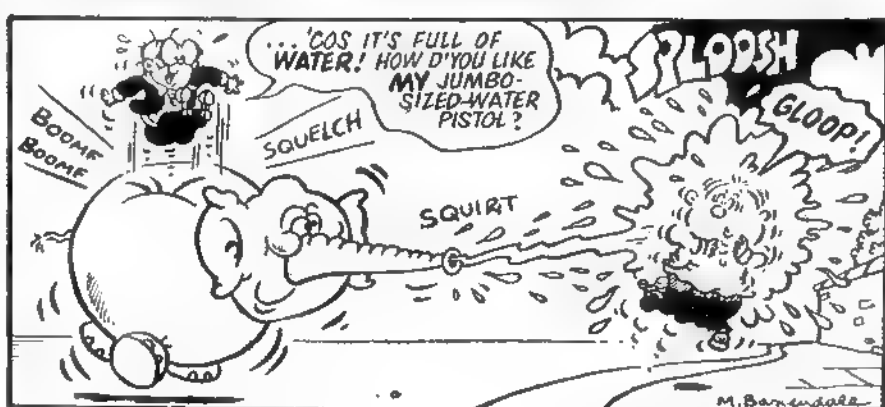
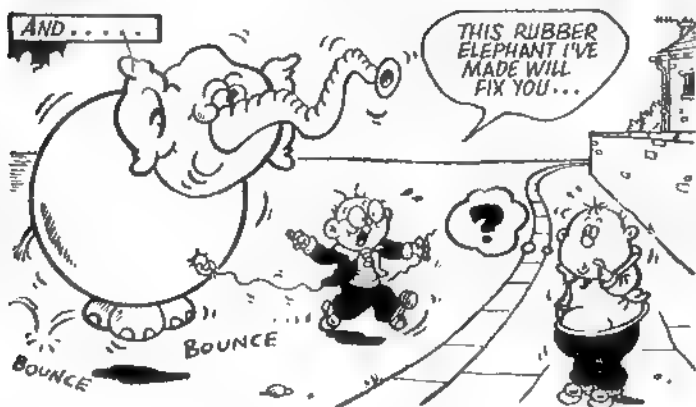
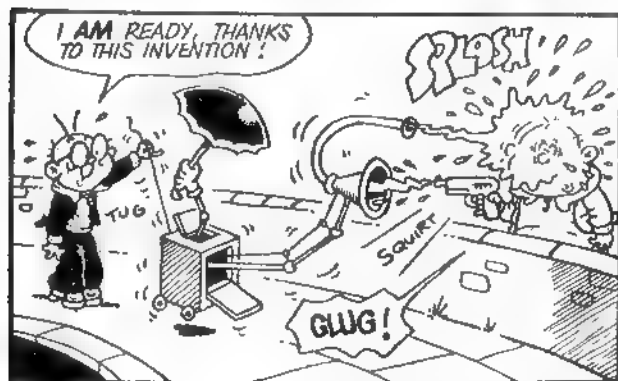
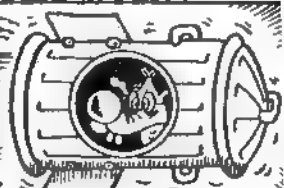


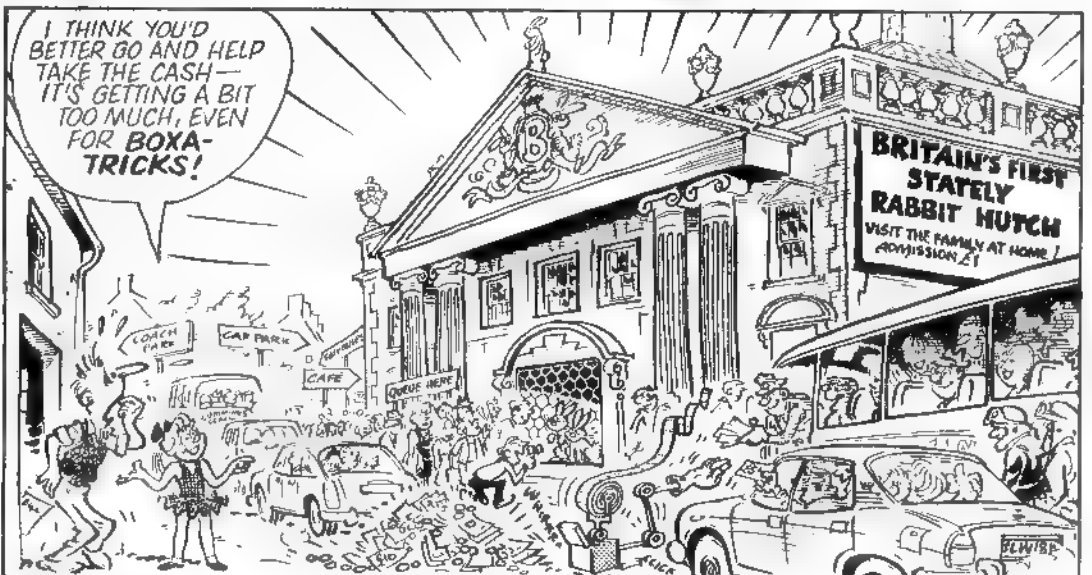
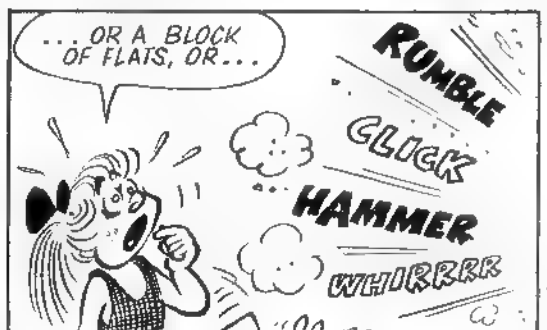
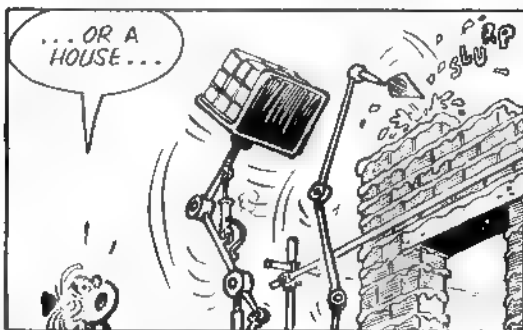
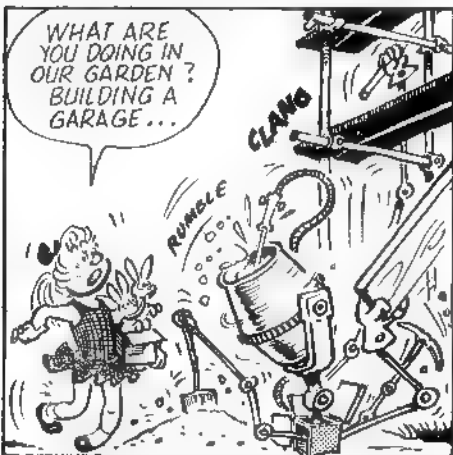
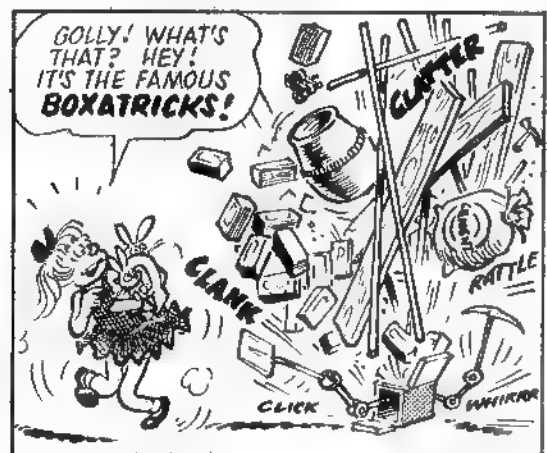
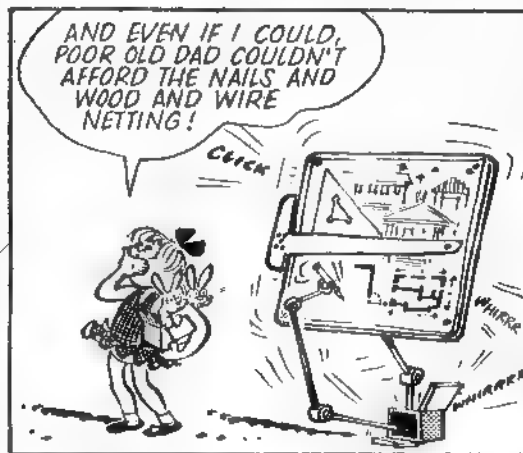
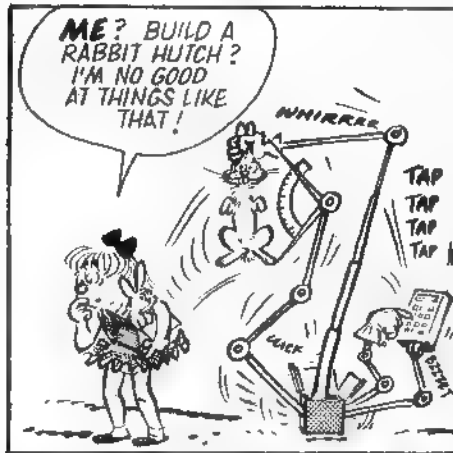
MUMMY'S BOY



CLEVER DICK

THE DAFT INVENTOR (AND NAPOLEON DOG)





BARRY and BOING





EEEEK!
WHAT'S THAT?

GRIKEY! IT
LOOKS LIKE AN
UNWINDING METAL
COIL!



STARTLED, THE HI-JACKER
WHIRLED ROUND, AND...

YIPPEE! WELL
DONE, BOING! HE'S
DISARMED!

Yes, but I have
not finished with
him yet, Master
Barry!



TEN MINUTES LATER, BARRY WAS EXPLAIN-
ING EVERYTHING TO THE CAPTAIN...

I'M AFRAID WE WERE NAUGHTY AS WELL,
SIR... TRYING TO STOW AWAY TO
AMERICA WITHOUT
PAYING!

DON'T WORRY! WHEN MY SUPERIORS
HEAR HOW YOUR ROBOT FRIEND SAVED
THE AIRCRAFT, I DOUBT IF THEY'LL
TAKE ANY ACTION!



SURE ENOUGH, WHEN THE 'PLANE
LANDED AT NEW YORK, BARRY AND
BOING WERE TREATED LIKE HEROES...

HIP-HIP-HOOORAAA!
THREE CHEERS FOR THE
KID AN' HIS MIRACLE
METAL-MAN!

GIVE US SOME
PICTURES, KID! YOU'RE
BOTH NEWS! BIG
NEWS!

BY MORNING, THE STORY HAD
FLASHED ACROSS THE WORLD...



NEW YORK HERALD
**ROBOT MAN-
IN RIVETING RESCUE!**

London Daily Globe
**Air drama over
the Atlantic!**

CANADA
COURIER
**BRAVE
BOING
HITS BACK!!!**

EVEN TO THE SMALL SCOTTISH
HOTEL WHERE BOING'S ALIEN
MASTERS WERE STAYING...

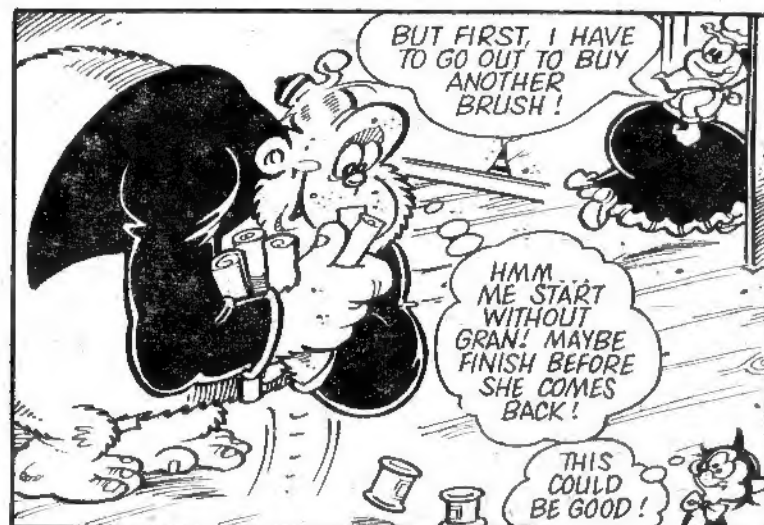
SO BOING AND
THAT BRAT MANAGED
TO EVADE US! THEY'RE
IN AMERICA!

THEN WE MUST FOLLOW
ON THE FIRST AVAILABLE
FLIGHT! WHATEVER HAPPEN
THAT RUNAWAY RENEGADE
ROBOT MUST BE CAUGHT.



The Statue of Liberty comes to Barry and Boing's aid in next week's episode.

KID KONG





CHALKY

